

HORSHAM DANCED WHILE SUBMARINERS SIGNED!

By
RONALD
RICHARDS



Something wrong here! Pairs of girls dancing on the green while officers and men of "Una" are in the foreground, and not in action. At least, not much—for they are busily engaged satisfying the autograph hunters.



Lieut. J. D. Martin, D.S.C., R.N., signs an autograph for Miss M. Still. Commanding officer of "Una," Lieut. Martin had a busy afternoon, and if his signatures had been placed end to end, they would have reached—etc., etc.!

THE SIEGE FOR THE SIGNATURE



DANCE PLEASE!

Now what was the sailor to do, with a charming Wren on the one hand and a charming autograph-hunter on the other? What would you do, chum? That's what we think HE did—signed and danced as well.

by the town in the Warship Week the previous year.

The skipper blushed

Lieut. Martin, coughing delicately and blushing just a trifle, apologetically explained to the sea of faces in front of him that it was his first microphonic speech. He added that he had prepared some notes. "Now, though, I have to decide from which end to read them. It will make as much sense either way."

With that infallible trick of cracking a joke in the first sentence he soared on to greater heights.

Never, I am certain, had Horsham so enjoyed a speech. He stuttered, he paused too long, and he repeated himself; in fact, he did everything other good speakers wouldn't dare do, but he got away with it.

After referring to "tinned bangers" and other "submarine delicacies," he thanked the town for the very excellent lunch he and his crew had enjoyed, and added, "I don't know who paid for it, but I sincerely hope it won't have a crippling effect on the town's rates."

He flattered the people and the town, and promised that at every opportunity he and the crew would re-visit Horsham. "In fact," he said, "I will try to arrange for 'Una' to come here for refitting."

In conclusion, he said: "As you know, 'Una' is the goddess of virtue. Her picture on the replica, however, is hardly virtuous; in fact, it is comparable to a London woman—a blonde at that."

Amid cheers, and, I think, gratefully, Lieut. Martin sat down, to be congratulated on his maiden speech by a councillor.

Autograph menace

The ceremony was followed by a major manoeuvre on the part of the Civil Defence Rescue Parties and Stretcher Bearers, who moved the piano twenty yards, and free-for-all dancing. The idea was that the crew should join in the dancing. Hundreds of young girls had other plans, however.

I have seen Royalty and jockeys and film stars mobbed

for autographs, but never have I seen eight men subjected to such an ordeal. Even old men and women joined in the fray. They left their children and pushed and kicked their way through the crowds. They cursed and borrowed pencils, and they kicked and became frantic to touch the collars of the ratings.

"But still," as C.P.O. F. P. Martin remarked, "we would do it every day if it would win the war."

The representative crew was Lieut. J. D. Martin, Sub-Lieut. J. B. J. Carter, C.E.R.A. A. Burton, C.P.O. E. P. Martin, S.P.O. R. Clark, P.O. B. Ross, Ldg. Stoker E. Wynne, and A.B. F. Voyzey.

PERSONAL TO LIEUT.

J. D. MARTIN,
D.S.O., R.N.

We are glad to see you again, even in a photograph, and we remember with no small pleasure the time when you welcomed us aboard on your return from the East, and gave us our first Operational Submarine's opinion on "Good Morning."

By the way, we would like some extracts from your ship's magazine, some of which we scanned when we met you last. Can you send us some selected paragraphs which might be understood and appreciated by submariners in other boats?

Good Hunting and Good Luck.
—"GOOD MORNING."

WOMEN MAKE THESE FLOATS

THERE are thousands of seamen who owe their lives to the clever hands of Britain's war-working women.

In a small factory run by a famous boat-building firm, girls, who a short time ago were still at school, and women who had never done a job outside their own homes, are making the life-saving floats which are part of the equipment of all large naval vessels.

Except for the tubular sheet-metal framework, which comes to them ready-made, and the rope-rigging, which needs great strength, they carry out the entire job of manufacture.

They reckon to turn out at least one float apiece per week.

Cutting lengths of cork on a mitre board, they fit them round the framework with bands of copper wire, binding the whole thing with canvas and giving it two coats of paint.

LIDS TOP AND BOTTOM.
The box-grating which goes in the centre of the float has five compartments, with lids top and bottom. This is to make it possible to get at the contents whichever way up the floats land on the sea when they are thrown overboard.

It is these box-gratings that take the most time and skill to make, but the girls work with a will, and their joinery is first-class. It has to be where the lives of many sailors are at stake.

Specially trained to take the place of the men who formerly did the work, they take a pride in their part in the war effort, and it is justifiable pride.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—48

- 1.—Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after AILM, and make a word.
- 2.—Mix the letters of HUNG and BRIDE to make a northern city.
- 3.—Can you change SHIP into BOAT, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: ICE into HOT, TEA into GIN, CARDS into CHESS.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word MECHANICAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 47

- 1.—IONIZATION.
- 2.—TORTOISE.
- 3.—BEANS, BEAMS, SEAMS, SHAMS, SHAME, SHALE, SHALL, SHELL, LION, LIMN, LIMB, LAMB, CHOPS, CROPS, CROSS, CRESS, CREST, CRUST, BELTS, BOLTS, COLTS, COOTS, CLOTS, SLOTS, SLOES, SHOES.
- 4.—Hist, Stir, Cost, Hips, Chip, Ship, Heir, Eric, Core, Chit, Rose, Sire, Sore, Hope, Hose, Cost, Cist, Pots, Stop, Step, Pets, Pits, etc.
Stoic, Their, Those, Thrip, Short, Horse, Shore, Shire, Riser, Holst, Heirs, Ropes, Spore, Spite, Prest, Store, Shirt, Short, etc.

MIXED DOUBLES

Where in each of the two phrases a well-known game and something essential to it are jumbled.

- (a) O UGLY GARB.
- (b) PICKED CART.

(Answers on Page 3)

ODD CORNER

BIRD-WATCHERS in London are not starved for material. Few countrymen could name forty different species of birds, yet there are more than forty different wild birds inhabiting London. Just before the war, nightingales were heard in Kensington Gardens, and another pair patronised the tower of St. Leonard's Church, Streatham, and sang to the crowds as the traffic roared by below.

Another curiosity of wild life in London is a tiny freshwater jelly-fish, which was discovered in the ponds of Regent's Park nearly fifty years ago. It has never been found elsewhere in England, but it has been recorded in the Central African lakes.

Hampstead also has a claim to distinction in a kind of water-beetle inhabiting its ponds. This beetle cannot be found anywhere else in the United Kingdom, and people come from all over the country to secure specimens.

The rarest British butterfly, the Camberwell Beauty, was once extremely common in Camberwell, whence it takes its name. The Death's Head Hawk Moth, which is by no means common anywhere, has also been caught in London. This is a huge moth, sometimes measuring five inches across the wings, which makes an audible squeak when attacked.



By HERMAN MELVILLE

I was reposing upon the mats within the sacred building, in company with Mehevi and several other chiefs, when the announcement was first made. It sent a thrill of joy through my whole frame;—perhaps Toby was about to return. I rose at once to my feet, and my instinctive impulse was to hurry down to the beach, equally regardless of the distance that separated me from it, and of my disabled condition.

As soon as Mehevi noticed the effect the intelligence had produced upon me, and the impatience I betrayed to reach the sea, his countenance assumed that inflexible rigidity of expression which had so awed me on the afternoon of our arrival at the house of Marheyo. As I was proceeding to leave the Ti, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said gravely, "abo, abo" (wait, wait).

Solely intent upon the one thought that occupied my mind, and heedless of his request, I was brushing past him, when suddenly he assumed a tone of authority, and told me to "moe" (sit down).

Though struck by the alteration in his demeanour, the excitement under which I laboured was too strong to permit me to obey the unexpected command, and I was still limping towards the edge of the pi-pi with Kory-Kory clinging to one arm in his efforts to restrain me, when the natives around started to their feet, ranged themselves along the open front of the building, while Mehevi looked at me scowlingly, and reiterated his commands still more sternly.

It was at this moment, when fifty savage countenances were glaring upon me, that I first truly experienced I was indeed a captive in the valley. The conviction rushed upon me with staggering force, and I was overwhelmed by this confirmation of my worst fears. I saw at once that it was useless for me to resist, and sick at heart, I re-seated myself upon the mats, and for the moment abandoned myself to despair.

I now perceived the natives one after the other hurrying past the Ti and pursuing the route that conducted to the sea.

Regardless of everything but my own sorrow, I remained in the Ti for several hours, until shouts proceeding at intervals from the groves beyond the house proclaimed the return of the natives from the beach.

Whether any boats visited the bay that morning or not, I never could ascertain. The savages assured me that there had not—but I was inclined to believe that by deceiving me in this particular they sought to allay the violence of my grief. However that might be, this incident showed plainly that the Typees intended to hold me a prisoner.

As they still treated me with the same sedulous attention as before, I was utterly at a loss how to account for their singular conduct.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first's in AMBOINA, but not ALEUTIANS,
My second's in WASHHOUSE as well as ABLUTIONS,
My third's not in TRINIDAD, but MARTINIQUE,
My fourth is in BEEFINESS, not in PHYSIQUE,
My fifth is in MALTA and MEDJEZ-EL-BAB,
My sixth is in JOLLY-BOAT, not TAXI-CAB.

(Solution on Page 3)

ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



THE ZULU YELL.

They are both Zulus, granddad and son. The old man had fixed up his whiskers in decorative manner and hoisted the boy up to admire them—with unfortunate results, for Grandson began to bawl, and along came our cameraman and snapped the family upset.

During my whole stay on the island there occurred but two or three instances where natives applied to me with the view of availing themselves of my superior information. The few things we had brought to it, and the other end being passed over the ridge-pole of the house, it was hoisted up to the apex of the roof, where it hung suspended directly over the mats where I usually reclined. When I desired anything from it I merely raised my finger to a bamboo beside me, and taking hold of the string which was there fastened, lowered the package.

JANE



This England and these English

GREEN FIELDS.

GREEN fields of England! whereso'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

—Arthur Hugh Clough



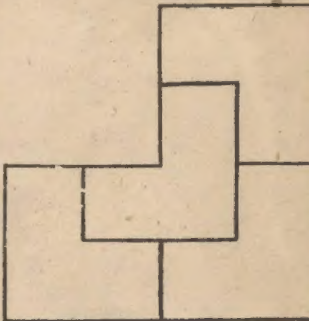
QUIZ for today

1. What is a paddymelon?
2. Who painted (a) "The Blue Boy," (b) "The Red Boy"?
3. Which of these words is an "intruder, and why? Pistol, Gun, Cannon, Mortar, Claymore, Rifle, Musket.
4. What is the heaviest known substance?
5. What country is poetically known as the Land o' Cakes?
6. What is the National Anthem of Belgium called?
7. What is meant by a Doch-an-Doris?
8. Name one of the lily family which is frequently eaten.
9. Who is the hero of Stevenson's "Treasure Island"?
10. How long is an Austrian mile?
11. When did France adopt the metric system?

Answer to Quiz in No. 85

1. A fancy variety of goldfish.
2. (a) Tennyson, (b) Washington Irving.
3. Granite; all the others are fuels.
4. Above high-water mark to the owner of the adjoining property; below that mark to the Crown.
5. Lusitania was the Roman name for Portugal and Western Spain.
6. £2.
7. They were originally imported from Rouen.
8. (a) The American explorer, Stanley; (b) Joseph Surface, in Sheridan's "School for Scandal."
9. Kimball O'Hara.
10. 100 acres.
11. 47.
12. Pat Sullivan.

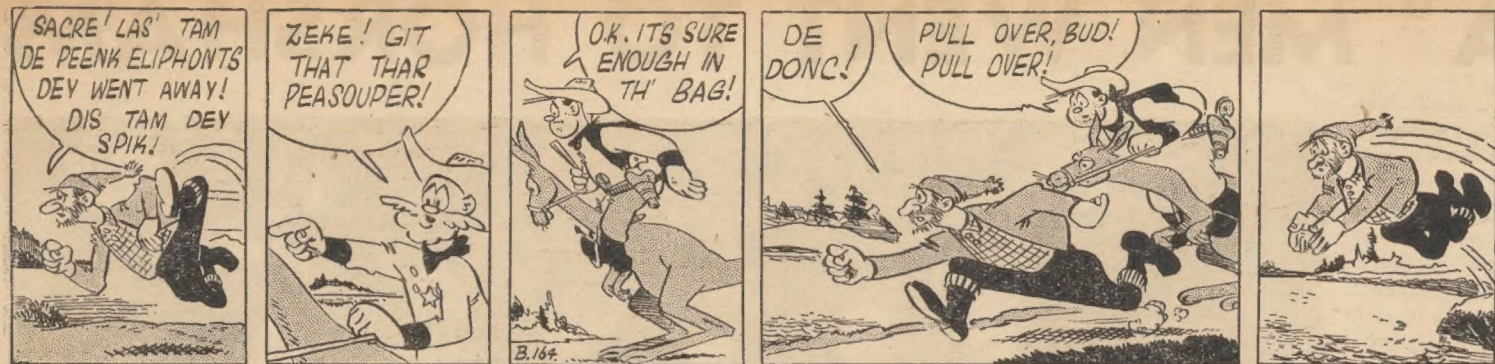
Solution to Yesterday's Problem.



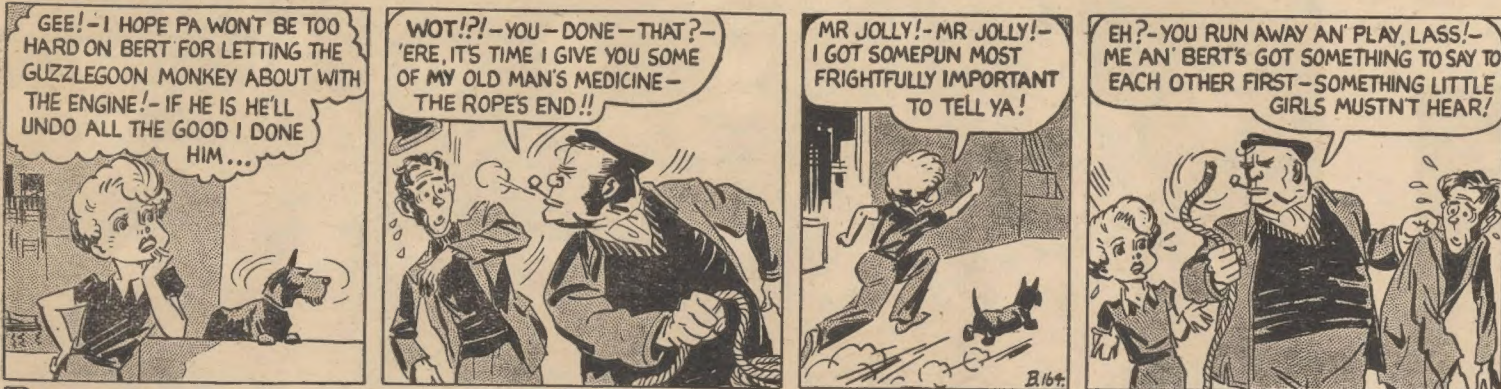
Who is it?

He was pink and chubby, kind and credulous, interested in everything, and travelled England in search of amusement and information. He liked good living, once drank too much and went to sleep in a wheelbarrow, and once got into the wrong bedroom. He was sued for breach of promise by his scheming landlady, lost the case, and went into the Fleet Prison. Part of the evidence against him included a reference to chops and tomato sauce. First name Samuel. Who was he? (Answer on Page 3)

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

could be repaired, I lowered my bundle, and taking from it a needle and thread, proceeded to stitch up the opening.

They regarded this wonderful application of science with intense admiration; and whilst I was stitching away, old Marheyo, who was one of the lookers-on, suddenly clapped his hand to his forehead, and rushing to a corner of the house, drew forth a soiled and tattered strip of faded calico—which he must have procured some time or other in traffic on the beach—and besought me eagerly to exercise a little of my art upon it.

I willingly complied, though certainly so stumpy a needle as mine never took such gigantic strides over calico before. The repairs completed, old Marheyo gave me a paternal hug; and divesting himself of his "maro" (girdle), swathed the calico about his loins, and slipping the beloved ornaments into his ears, grasped his spear and sallied out of the

house, like a valiant Templar arrayed in a new and costly suit of armour.

I never used my razor during my stay in the island, but, although a very subordinate affair, it had been vastly admired by the Typees; and Narmonee, a great hero among them, who was exceedingly precise in the arrangements of his toilet and the general adjustment of his person, being the most accurately tattooed and laboriously horrified individual in all the valley, thought it would be a great advantage to have it applied to the already shaven crown of his head.

The implement they usually employ is a shark's tooth, which is about as well adapted to the purpose as a one-pronged fork for pitching hay. No wonder, then, that the acute Narmonee perceived the advantage my razor possessed over the usual implement.

Accordingly, one day, he requested as a personal favour, that I would just run over his

head with the razor. In reply, I gave him to understand that it was too dull, and could not be used to any purpose without being previously sharpened. To assist my meaning, I went through an imaginary honing process on the palm of my hand.

Narmonee took my meaning in an instant, and running out of the house, returned the next moment with a huge rough mass of rock as big as a millstone, and indicated to me that that was exactly the thing I wanted. Of course there was nothing left for me but to proceed to business, and I began scraping away at a great rate. He writhed and wriggled under the infliction, but, fully convinced of my skill, endured the pain like a martyr.

Though I never saw Narmonee in battle, I will, from what I then

observed, stake my life upon his courage and fortitude. Before commencing operations, his head had presented a surface of short bristling hairs, and by the time I had concluded my unskilful operation it resembled not a little a stubble field after being gone over with a harrow. However, as the chief expressed the liveliest satisfaction at the result, I was too wise to dissent from his opinion.

Day after day wore on, and still there was no perceptible change in the conduct of the islanders towards me. Gradually I lost all knowledge of the regular recurrence of the days of the week, and sunk insensibly into that kind of apathy which ensues after some violent outbreak of despair.

As soon as I was enabled to ramble about the valley in company with the natives, troops of whom followed me whenever I sallied out of the house, I began to experience an elasticity of mind which placed me beyond the reach of those dismal forebodings to which I had so lately been a prey.

(Continued to-morrow)

Answer to Who Is It?
MR. PICKWICK

Solution to Allied Ports.
BOMBAY.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) Rugby and Goal.
(b) Cricket and Pad.

Truth about tea

By PETER DAVIS

HAVE you had your tea yet? Even under the surface we British are still the greatest race of tea-drinkers in the world. Even rationed folks ashore consume 600,000,000lb. annually, drinking an average of six cups a day—and you know the Trade's tea reputation!

At the rate of 2,000 cups apiece per year, tea has turned us into a nation of optimists. So said the late Sir Thomas Lipton. The Chinese knew how to infuse the leaves 1,400 years ago. For all that, in 1657, tea in this country cost six guineas a pound, and it was not till 1660 that Pepys recorded the luxury of his first cup.

Tea in those days was misunderstood. The schoolboys of Westminster took tea-leaves upon their bread. Some people stewed it with eggs. Tea was often considered a medicine—to overcome superfluous sleep, to reduce fat and fatigue. History is full of pictures of people flavouring tea with ginger, of Dr. Johnson socially swilling, or George III quaffing in solemn state.

THE TEA RITUAL.

It took great-great-grandmamma, with her decorative caddies, and tea at 12s. a pound, to practise the true ritual of tea: Sip it, drink it, and almost drain it. The more expensive the tea, as a rule, the less you need use.

For all that, the tea trade in Britain is tangled and complicated. Every part of the country needs a different blend, according to its different water.

It was the previous war that started the tea boom. Sailors needed tea, and tea was cheap. At the London docks as late as 1916, Indian tea cost no more than 1s. per lb. The tea trade spurred. Tea gardens were hacked out of the Indian and Ceylon jungles.

For some reason, people began to drink less tea after that war. The result was astonishing. In two of those early peacel years profits per acre in the tea-garden were halved. At Mincing Lane the brokers were selling at 5d. a lb. tea that cost 10d. to produce.

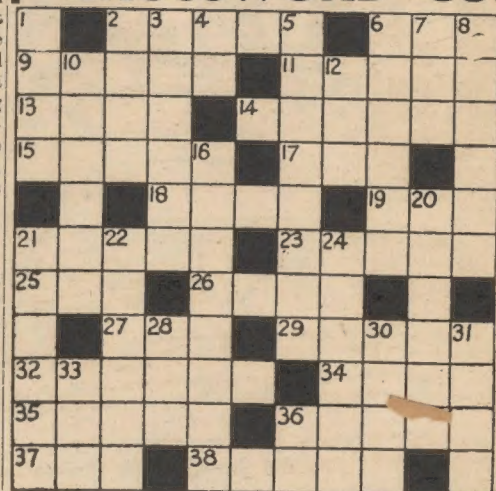
The tea trade saved itself only when the companies got together and forbade further planting except under control.

Americans went off the tea habit when a 3d. tax caused a body of men to tip £10,000 worth of tea into Boston Harbour in 1773, and after a season of makeshifts made from sage, ribwort and currant leaves, have never gone back to it.

Hazlitt is said to have driven himself into an early grave through drinking ten quarts of black tea a day. For all that, the chemists have experimented and decided that a man can drink 43 cups a day and still be merely cheered.

LET'S HAVE A LINE
on what you think of
"Good Morning" with
your ideas.
Address top of Page 4.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
2 Boats.
6 Undermine.
9 Musical instruments.
11 Proportion.
13 Culinary plant.
14 Prairie beast.
15 Flattened fold.
17 Vessel for hot drink.
18 Flag.
19 Go astray.
21 Sort of fishing.
23 Attempt. boat.
25 Tool for pricking.
26 Good soil.
27 Sphere.
29 Well grounded.
32 Rescinds.
34 Proceeded.
35 Trick.
36 Harbour.
37 Reverential.
38 Glow. fear.

CLUES DOWN.
1 Splendour. 2 Pine fruit. 3 Narrate. 4 Because.
5 Outer garment. 6 Pebbles. 7 Islet. 8 Verse.
10 Great wave. 12 Scottish county. 16 Quivers.
20 Deep gorge. 21 Dominion. 22 Fair. 23 Motto.
28 Thick wrap. 30 No score. 31 Gainsay. 33 This time. 36 Hailing cry.

LEAP PARISH
EXPERIMENT
STET PUNDIT
SEDAN STORE
N LAME O A
PUT POSERS
RAINED V OF
OTTO EDIBLE
LETTER NAVE
IDLE NICKEL
X ESK FEELS

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

CREST



Above is the replica of "Una's" Crest presented by the Submarine to the town of Horsham, which adopted her after buying her for the nation. On the right is the plaque presented by Horsham to "Una."

This England



The setting sun patterns the road with tree-shadows to make this picture of Colehayes, Devon.

IT WAS A GALA DAY WHEN "UNA" MEN WENT TO HORSHAM

It was a day of bands and bunting, of speeches, applause and dancing. It was a day when emblems were exchanged, and congratulations were swopped with many handshakes. And it was a day when autograph hunters made commando raids on overworked submariner guests, who surrendered cheerfully enough the precious signatures, which now rest in many a fair lady's book.



A group of proud Horsham Town Councillors seated with the members of "Una's" crew, who went there to represent the Submarine. Seated in the centre is the Captain of the "Una," Lieut. J. D. Martin, D.S.O., R.N. Next but one to the right of the picture is the Third Officer, Lieut. John Carter, R.N.R.



"WELL SPOKEN"

The crowd applauding the entertaining speech made by Lieut. J. D. Martin, D.S.O., on behalf of "Una" (see story on page 1).



While the queue for autographs lines up on the bandstand, Lieut. Carter does a little "black market" in signing through the rails.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"They'll want my autograph, no doubt."

